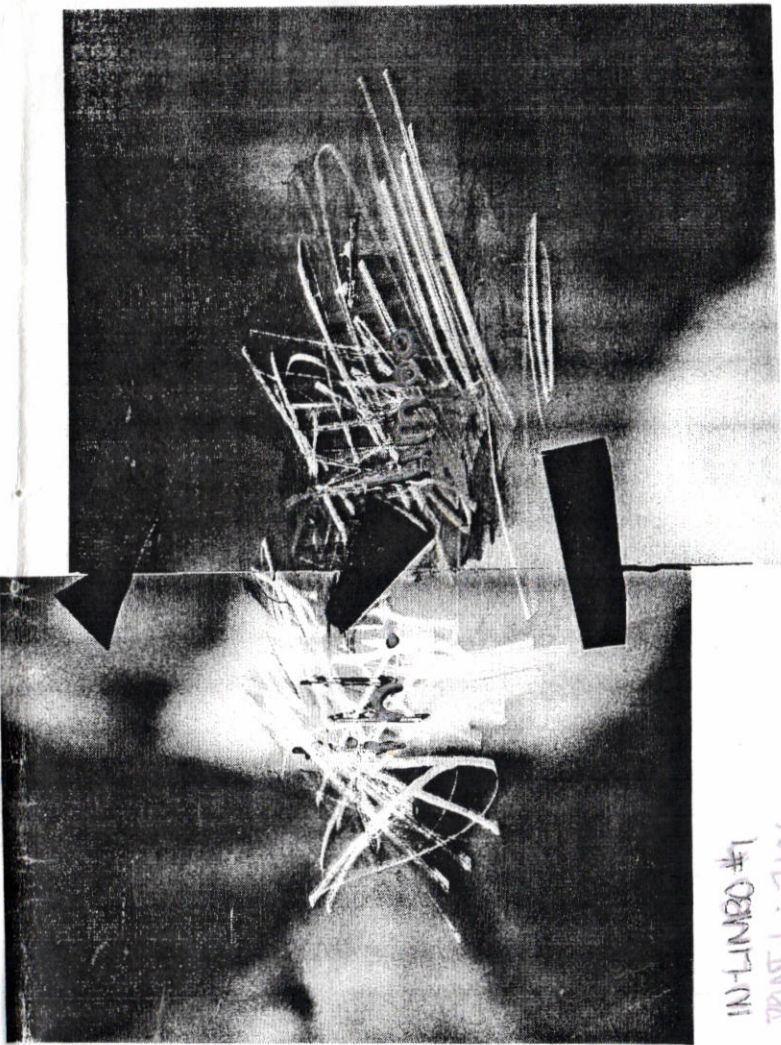


IN-LIMBO #1  
PRINT: 1 JUNE  
7121



-in-limbo. issue one.  
c/o lori todd.  
freyja@soliloquize.net

## colophon.

In-Ilmbo was created during the summer months of 2001. it is written in arial font size 8 and ludica sans unicode font size 8. all images are © 1999-2001, lori todd. they were taken using either a minolta maxxum 400 si, lomo lc-a, or fuji finepix 4700z.

if you are interested in receiving later issues of In-Ilmbo, please write to:

lori todd

9166 west atlantic blvd. #1618.

coral springs, fl. 33071

or send an e-mail to [frejja@soliloquize.net](mailto:frejja@soliloquize.net).

you may view my website at <http://soliloquize.net/> or my online journal at <http://epiphany.soliloquize.net>.

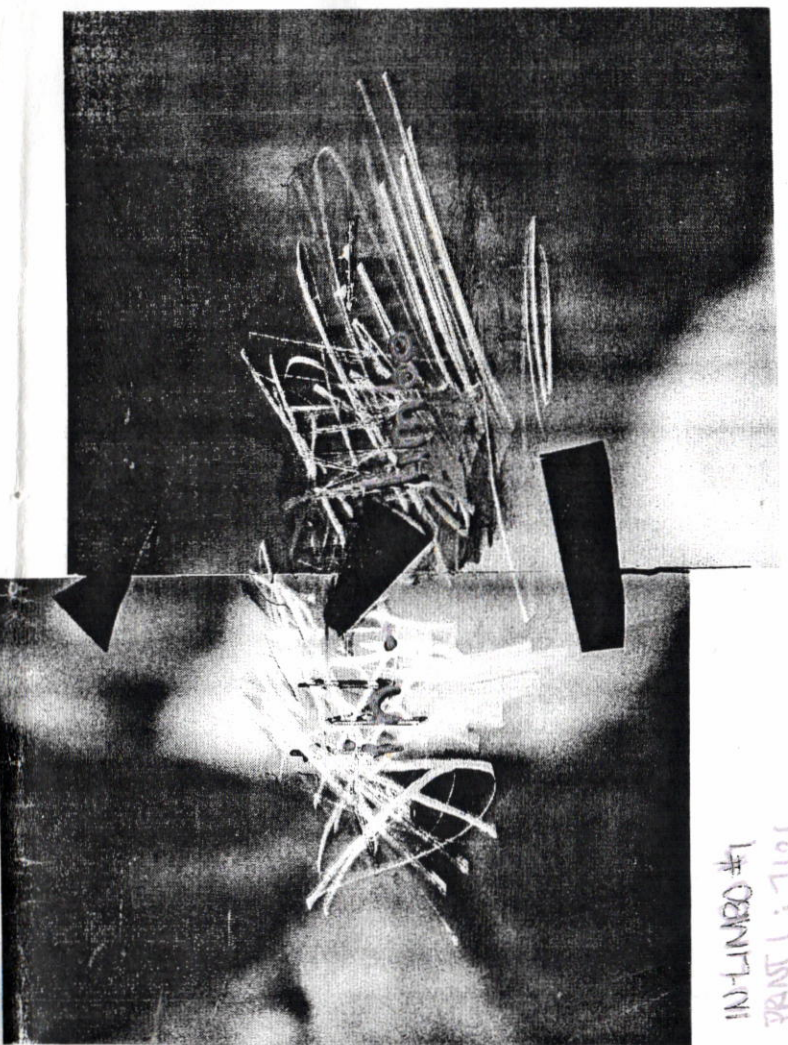
i'd like to thank:

- o my boyfriend mike, for always being understanding of me and patient with me & of course, loving me.
- o my best girlfriend, chelsey. you're the best, even if you didn't get to make this with me after all. we can try again in the future! keep rocking you lipgloss eating fool!
- o my bestest online friend, anne, for always being the rockhard support that i've needed these past few months. i <3 you!
- o my mother and my father for being supportive of me these past eighteen years.
- o & all my wonderful online girls who offer a wonderful forum for all things creative.

oh, & *thank you* for reading In-Ilmbo, my first effort in the zine-world. i love feedback! so please, send me e-mail or write to me! i love you all!

-frejja. august 14. 2001.

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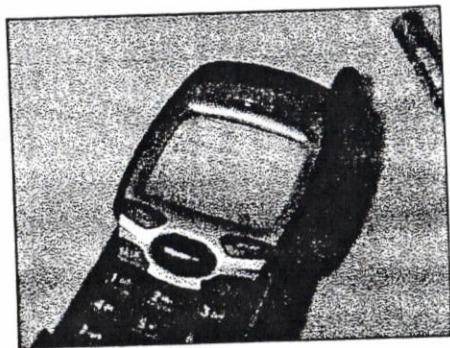
08.11.01

i'm writing this on the midnight after my eighteenth birthday. i'm writing this the week before i go to college. i'm writing this as i feel, as i am, and as everything seemingly has fallen down upon me. but cities can be rebuilt. bridges can be mended. and i surely know that my so-called-life can be fixed too. i'm writing this to heal.

i'm going to include a lot of what was written for a collaborative zine that i was making with my best girlfriend, chelsey. hopefully we will get to make another zinbe together, and sometime soon, though there are some obstacles in the way. anyway, it all needs to get out. and it doesn't matter to me if it's repeated or not. just that it's getting out there, to somewhere, or so at least i think it is.







### ((eight hours as a telemarketer))

I've gained a newfound respect for those telemarketers that call you up trying to scam you. I was one, at least for eight hours. I was looking for a summer job, & my dear friend jax hooked me up with it. Four hours a day, eight dollars an hour, plus commission. Sounded easy as pie. She left out the parts that dealt with how boring the job was, how your voice managed to hurt by the end of your shift, & how you'd end up, ultimately, self-loathing. Sure, I have respect for the telemarketers now, but I quit that job partly because I couldn't respect myself as being one. It's a crock of shit & dealing with those rude bastards (hey, I don't blame them for their attitude) is just hell. Maybe I just don't have the backbone for it. Heck, I don't care. Good-reddens.

((typical biographical info)) my name is lori. i am a college freshman at the university of miami, in coral gables, florida. i am (prospectively at least) a communications major, specializing in advertising (or so i hope). i'm a dreamer. but i take action. i have huge plans for myself, but let everything get in my way. i'm still very young. still very unsure of myself and my future, but, you ain't going to stop me. right now, i am 18. and this is me.

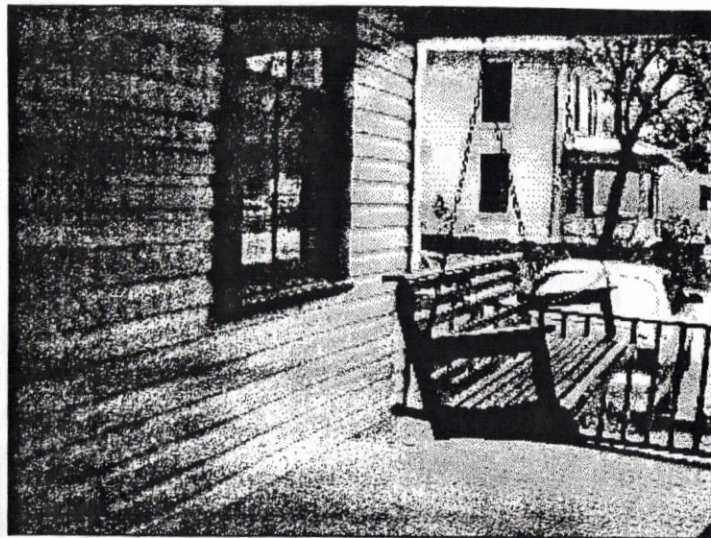


### a note on the photography.

i am an amateur photographer of nearly five years now. i believe that a photograph is worth a thousand words. and that they have the power to manipulate the mind, transforming the mundane into mythical, the most beautiful creatures into the lowest life forms. so, don't be fooled by what you see. you're only seeing it because i want you to, not because it's how my life looks, or because that's what the camera saw.

hey call me sexy four-eyes.

recently got glasses. and not the pretty, average jane ones. they're stylish and called 'university doctorate's and i think i look cute and dorky in them. i passed my fake, fashion statement ones on to chelsey, seeing as i have no use for those anymore. i'm excited to be wearing my first pair of real glasses. so for all of you who hate them, at least there is one girl out there enjoying them. at least for the time being. (it's only been a few days...).

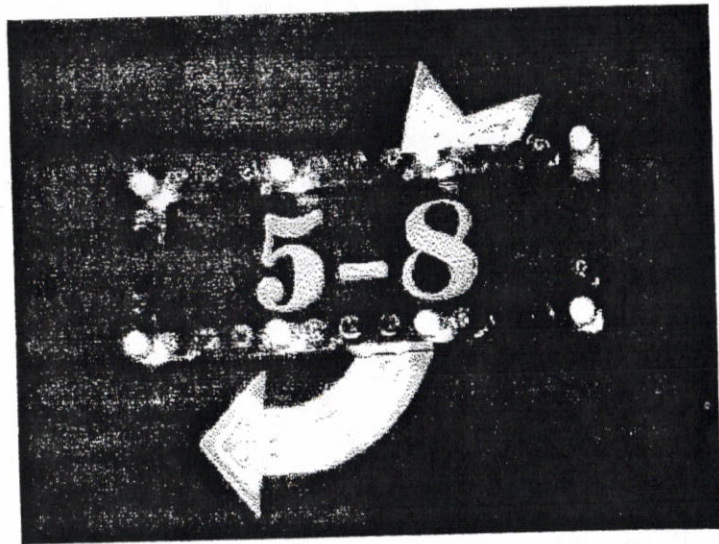




## **friendships.**

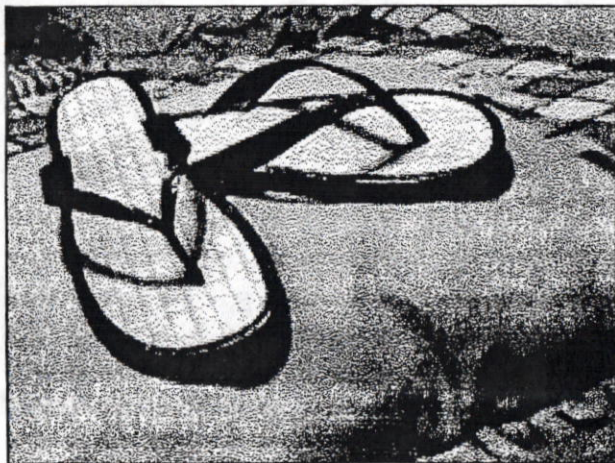
The other night she came over. I had dreaded it a bit because I've been feeling a little disgusted by her when our foursome goes out on the town. But I thought that if, perhaps, we were alone, things would be good again. & they were. We crafted here and there. And I taught her a few things. She listened. I listened. & when the lights went out, we sat there talking for a while.

That's the best thing about friendships. That's the things I miss most about friends. I guess the burdens are lifted off of our shoulders when the lights go out. Or, perhaps it's that we don't have to look one another in the eyes any longer. Truth comes out more freely. No meddling around. No fidgeting required. Just your voice, my voice, & the dark surroundings.



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# my fetish!



& now i like sandals =>

last time we moved, i got to enter into a high school where i knew no one. although it may sound frightening to some, i loved it. i got to observe everyone, as i was the outsider. i could sit and read during lunch as i pleased without anyone ever feeling obligated to come and chit-chat with me so they didn't feel guilty for me. spending much time reading and listening to music, i really got to develop myself those first two years after moving. i didn't have to hear bullshit from anyone else about how much i've changed or how i was just trying to be like them, because i wasn't. i learned so much back then and i envy what i had after moving. another aspect of the clean slate that moving gives to you is that new bedroom. i have to talk about this. my bedroom is a total expression of myself. my walls i've made into huge poster collages, going back four years. showing my maturity level change, my interests shift, and everything that i am and was at one moment over the last four years. and now i have to start all over.

i guess that is why the reason i am writing this. i need to explain why it's taking me forever to get the shit off my walls. sure, i look forward to the next four years, in the new apartment and off in the dorms at uni, but i fear that i will be leaving too much of me behind, leaving these walls. leaving high school wasn't anything big for me, nothing earth-shattering, but i guess this is the part that is.

## 06.13.01 | closure

looking back on the last four years. i wouldn't say that i have any regrets. i chose to live a 'restrained' life, rather than hopping from house party to house party. i chose never to ingest alcohol or take any drugs. and i think i am better for it. and, as for the social life that goes along with high school, i have had my fair share. although i left graduation without making an heartfelt goodbyes, i am grateful for any and all friendships that i made during the last four years. & yes, i have distanced myself from those people at school for a number of years, be it what you will, i needed that this last year. i'm glad to be moving on. starting anew.

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#### 04.21.01 | sick & confused.

i feel nothing more than sick & confused, overlooking my whole life and it's current state of being. honestly, i feel no more joy, no happiness. nothing but dismal thoughts enter into my mind. i know i am stronger than this. i know that i shall endure, and be much more better off than i would like to imagine myself. but for the time being, i am not more than a puppet, acting out what i shall without any cognitive motives or any thoughts.

europa was europa. it was good, enjoyable, and a wonderful experience. but i say that with the lack of any emotion. i wish i could rant for hours about my excursions in the foreign countries that i visited, but alas, i cannot. i'd really love to think back on that trip with smiles and remembrances of the good times that i had, but it seems too distant to do so.

i've been feeling this way since i returned home. all the things that had plagued my mind's well-being returned to me before the car trip home was ended. i was reminded of my issues with michael, then those that come with school. and now, a week past, everything is truly toppling down upon me. my relationship with michael seems to be hanging by a thread, i feel like school is worthless, and that i too, am nothing but a worthless lump of matter.

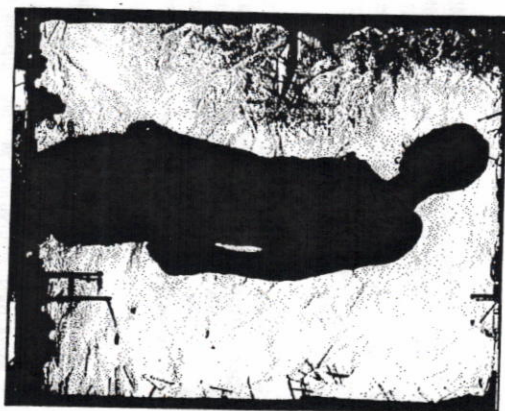
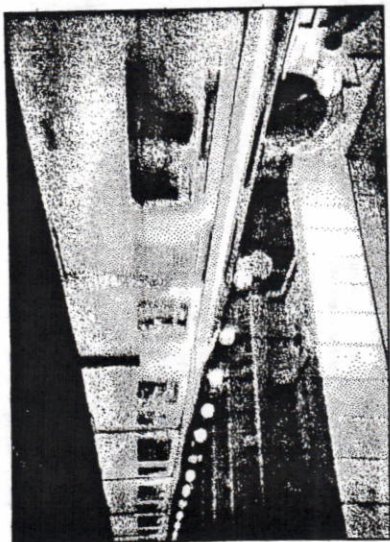
I just got some new shoes. You know, those Steve Madden ones that are all leathery? Not girley shoes, but the European type. I love them. I bought a nice pair of Kangol's like them in Dublin over last spring break. Usually I am not into accessories, or clothing for that matter. I am just your average blue-jeans t-shirt gal. But when it comes to shoes, I go ecstatic. Yes, and it's ironic because that's token-girl for you. I guess it all started when I got my first pair of Doc's at age 11. My dad's girlfriend bought them for me. I brought them home to my mother's and she threw them at me in disgust. Two years later and I was wearing my real combat boots (a la ARMY/NAVY outlets) every single day. With dresses, shorts, everything... It was fun. But really hot and bad for me feet since I'm in Florida. Well, since then, I've grown out of my rebellious clothing stage (flannel's with converse all-stars, fishnets and boots, dying my hair black...). But I still am in love with boots. I've got four pairs right now. My older combat zip ups. My knee high Manson-style ones. A pair of black & cherry docs. And the newest, a pair of soft leather shiny lilac-colored docs that I picked up in London during spring break as well. Another one of my pet peeves are those Converse All-Stars. If I don't have at least one pair of those in my closet, I get very upset. About a year and a half ago, I had begun designing my converse black, low tops. Gel pens. Glittered the rubber toe. Really swag. I loved them. Mom though, hey these look dirty...

Washed them and now they're gone. I was really sad to see those go, but I've replaced them with maroon and another pair of black. Since I'm telling you about how I love footgear, I had better speak up about my socks. I have vowed never ever to wear those drab white socks that come in a bag. This started in seventh grade, so that's roughly five or six years ago now. Ever since then, my mother stocks up on the holiday socks that you can get in the drug stores. Lately, since they all have holes now, I have been replacing them with this 'dorm socks' my mom found at the bedding store. In the dorm section, ya know? I must say that everyone should go and get some. They're super fun and fabulous. Oh! And I almost forgot. When I went to Europe, I found this one store all over the place. SOCK SHOP. FABULOUS. I was in love. I got 5 pairs of socks from three different cities. In Dublin, I got a pair with sheep on them that say "SILLY ASS". In Edinburgh I got some weird designed ones. And in London I got the Union Jack pair. There are literally hundreds of pairs of unique socks there. I need to have someone start shipping some to me. So, ladies & gents, you have my story of my unique feet. Go and buy some fun shoes and socks yourself. Take care of your feet!

august 2001  
Fragga

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## 06.02.01 | problematic tendencies

i have many problematic tendencies, that occur more often in relationships than not. i tend to have a nagging feeling of needing to be alone when i am in a relationship. & that's just what i need this morning. i need to be alone. i've felt like i have rushed here and there, back and forth, for the greater part of this week. and after waking up from a wonderful sleep, i'd rather not just jump into the shower and get on with the day. & this is a problem.

now, don't get me wrong, i love my boy & i love spending time with him. but sometimes i just "need" to nurture myself, and a lot of that nurturing only happens when i am alone, celebrating myself. unfortunately, the love of my life is completely the opposite and has trouble understanding this because he is so different from me, in that respect. i love him, regardless, but it just means we have lots more obstacles in our relationship.

## 06.13.01 | on moving

i'm sitting in a dust-clouded room. half deconstructed. pictures slowly coming off the walls. the dust not wanting to leave it's home. i guess it's about time for me to leave this place. to move on. embark on a new footpath.

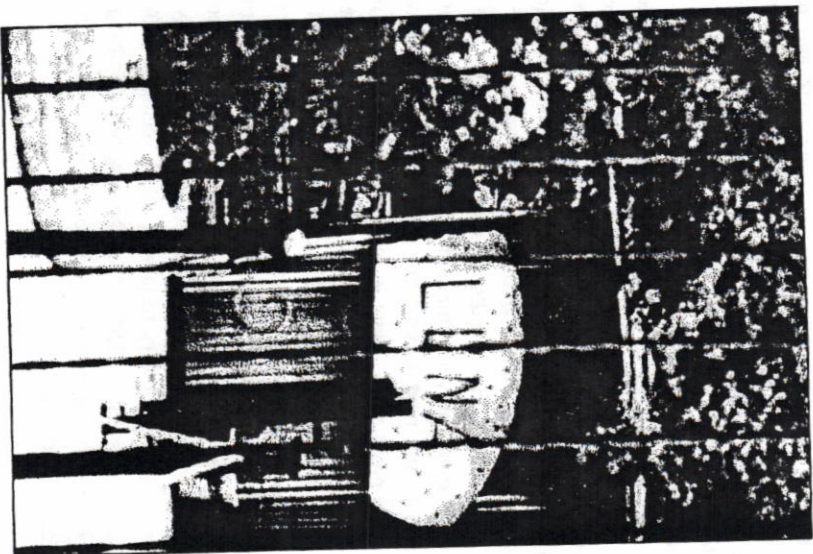
it's hard to remember my life before i came to live in this apartment. it was a confusing time when we moved in here. middle school was over for me. lots of my friendships had hit rock bottom. my mother had been in the hospital for three months. her ex-boyfriend was stalking her. she was out of a job. we had become to get poorer. so we moved and started over. and it's been one of the most poignant transitions in my life.

i guess the reason i say i love moving is because the only time i remember moving was four years ago. & how different my life had become because of that move. anything before that really is just a blur in the canvas of my life. so, to me, moving has become representative of change in all of it's forms. i love change & moving provides you with a clean slate to work with.

((london in only 32 hours)) they said it couldn't be done. two day-passes for the underground, 20 something trips back and forth, hauling purchases to and from the hotel, sneaking out of the hotel at night, & picking daffodils from private gardens. oh, yes, it is possible. & here are some tips to help you. ((1)) learn the underground, live the underground, love the underground. it's everywhere you need to get to in these 32 hours, so don't opt for the busses. ((2)) when exiting from subway, never think to take the stairs up. the elevators are there for a reason, and they are much larger than you think. 250 steps is much longer than you think & you will have a burning throat by the time you reach the ground level. ((3)) stay away from harold's. you have to pay for the rest room & you will spend all your time and money there (or so said the teeny-boppers in the next room from me). ((4)) if you like tv, do turn it on. good night shows there in london. ((5)) keep your purse secured and in front of you at all times. ((6)) the hard rock café isn't worth it, babes. ((7)) do visit piccadilly circus & covent garden. ((8)) soho only if you want to get some 'chinese take-away' or get a quick piercing [the metalmorphosis has hot piercers & is priced pretty well]. oh yea, or if you're gay. ((9)) see a play, but don't let your guide and travel mates leave you stranded in piccadilly with drag queens @ midnight (sorry to lauren, jill, & jessica). ((10)) just soak it in. don't let your period get in the way or something your boyfriend IMs you in the internet café bother you. take london for what it is, not what your emotions will let you.







what i really did was go back to the bookstore, next door. i parked in a non-obvious place so as to avoid any more run ins. i picked up saik's transformation soup book and read to page 40. coincidentally, the first chapter was all about relationships and how to deal with them when they end. one section was entitled "broken friendships". i felt better after reading this. i don't feel as though i was deliberately avoiding him. i just don't think i was ready for it.

when i got back to the car after the bookstore, i felt as though i should go into the restaurant, sit down and say to him, "i am still wounded," and tell him all these things. then i was reminded of his attitude, and i thought again about wasting my words on him. i made an equal assumption of him, that he would overlook anything i would have the nerve to say to his face.

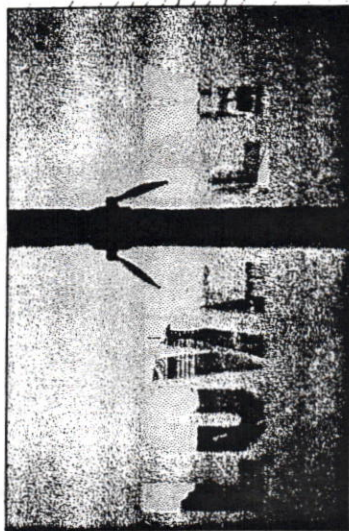
& now i just want to indulge myself with myself.

### 03.07.01 | my love affair with sleep

no matter what stress i am undergoing, i adamantly stick to my sleep habits. it's kind of odd in a way, but we should never take sleep for granted. seriously, one of my biggest values in each day, is my sleep time. take for instance, right now in my life, this week. i am facing a massive amount of school work to be done by monday, along with reading for my friday book-club thing with jax, with michael coming down on friday, and i refuse to go to bed a second later than i would on a stress-free day.

being a teenager, i have gotten to know many people, especially those in college, who maintain an erratic sleep schedule. some of them go to bed at midnight & wake up at four in the morning to do homework. others would rather sacrifice sleep time for social life [understandable from certain aspects]. i just cannot do that. i love going to bed at ten thirty each weekday night and getting up at six. i need at least my seven hours rest! i do wish there were more hours in the day though... but i just can't give up sleep for it.



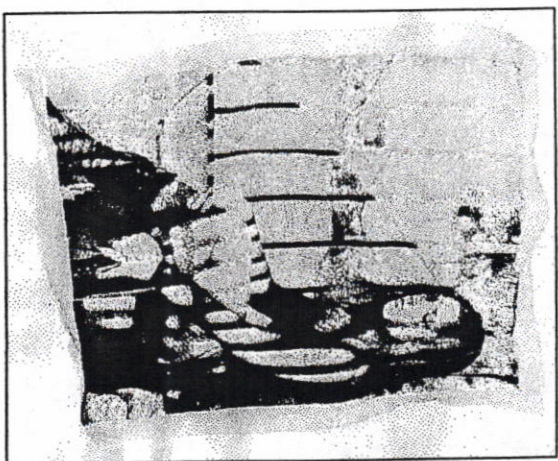
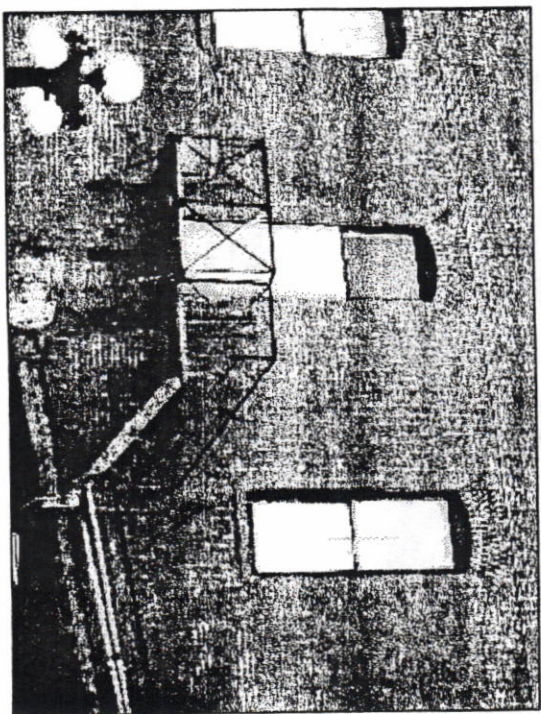


## epiphany.

((excerpts from fall 2000 thru summer 2001.))

10.23.00 | puzzle pieces...

i miss myself and who i once was. i lost a lot of me in a previous relationship [and the depression that followed] and have yet to regain parts of myself. i am a different person now though, so it seems logical that some pieces from the past won't work their way back into the puzzle. however, new pieces have their place. i feel that i am continually transitioning between the euphoria and anxiety in my life, as i continue discovering who i am at the core.



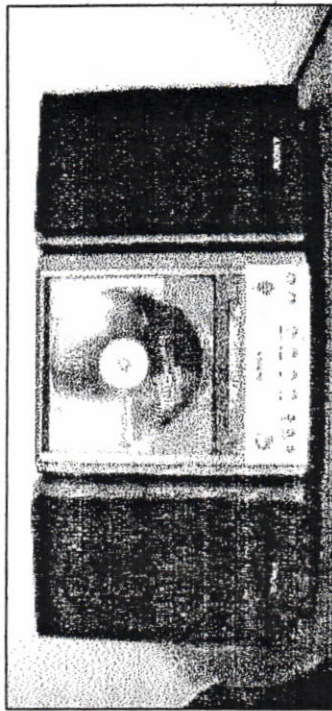


## 02.02.01 | tensed grip, wounded heart...

i stepped out into the dark warmth of the night. i could smell the rain coming on. steam rose from the asphalt. a beautiful night.

i was hanging out with my friend chelsey tonight and we decided to head over to this restaurant, cannoli's. i was weary because this is where her boyfriend/my ex-best friend, jason, hangs out on the weekends with his car friends. but we reasoned that the car club meetings are on Saturdays and he usually goes to a car show on Friday nights. i thought it would be safe....

we drove up and saw him and two of his main car friends. immediately, i felt my body tense up. it has nearly been three months since we called it quits, jason and i. chelsey tried to reassure me. we drove slowly near them, windows down, and i hear someone say "bye" to us. i suppose it was jason. i became angered. chelsey started making a big deal about it, how i shouldn't let jason get to me like that. we started bickering about it. i parked and she ran over there to see what was up. she returned saying that it wasn't a big deal, et cetera. the truth is that it wounded me to see jason. i had thought i had the courage to sit down in the same room with him and be an adult about it. but not yet. when i heard him say "bye", all my courage was crushed. he, once again, had preconceptions of me and it hurt me. i am, as of now, unhealed and hurt. i really feel that i put so much effort into reviving the friendship towards the end, and he kept pushing me away and making me feel like crap. it was like seeing an ex-boyfriend, or so i would presume, since the one main ex i have, i have not seen in almost two years when we were together... i valued jason so much as a friend and loved him dearly, and after 6 or 7 years of friendship, how can you let go that easily? so chelsey and me continued driving trying to come to agreement on where to go eat... we couldn't, so i just dropped her back off at cannoli's and said i was going home. i felt bad for doing that to her.



## 12.10.00 | change

sometimes words flow from my lips, more often, they do not. i have disconnected myself from my surroundings, from the people whom i share the world with [exceptions being two]. i have become a spectator to my life, watching as the events happen, simply disconnected. regardless, everything reaches my soul, and changes me.

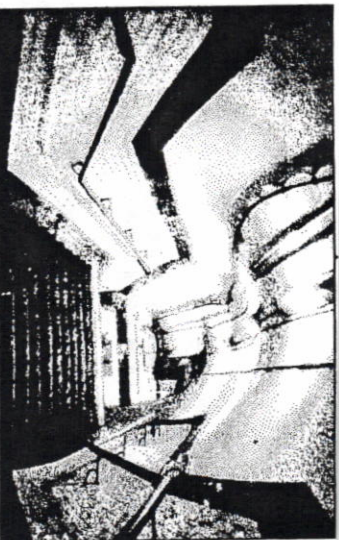
life is about change for me, and i embrace that change. i hold no regrets, yet i miss who i once was. i continually try to reach the old me, try to get back my sense of identity, and every attempt has been fruitless. i must come to terms with who i am now, and give up the conquest to return to how i used to be.



## 12.19.00 | Identity...

"let the faeries paint on your eyelids so that you may dream of us, together, unrestrained, in a magical dream-world..." the words fell from my lips and reached each fingertip as they began typing, as i hit the send button, i could see the smile that would reach his lips. the words are coming back.

the single most important and imperative objective of adolescence is the formation of identity. throughout this time, each person tries on different attitudes for him or her self. these attitudes or roles can be drastically different from one another or variations of one true role that is the identity. each person varies, personally, i see my changes as variations of one role. often i feel 'disconnected' and have attempted to seek out the true me in many forms. for most people, as was me, music was key to my identity at one time. and then came appearance, and then knowledge, and then technology. these things allowed me to feel close to who i am as an individual. they allowed me to express who i was, or who i thought i was, and they let me show this to the world. and i have gradually moved away from each one. once again, i am on that quest to find me, and what are means of doing so? the music i am listening to, the books that i am reading, the movies that are moving me, and my website, this journal, and who is anyone to criticize me for this? are they not on their own personal quest? i think so. teenagers are fickle, and i have the right to be so, as do you. this is me, i love words, yet i am not a writer, i love art, yet i never seem to show it as it is in my head, and here, in this journal, i hope the two can fuse and something meaningful can be exposed. perhaps not on paper, paper can be stained. but here on the internet, where the eraser marks are not so harsh on the eyes, where it can either sit in secrecy, or viewed by the masses, here is where i am choosing to express who i am.



## 01.19.01 | feeling myself

i took the dog on a walk tonight. we went through the neighborhood. i kept looking up at the sky. although the beautiful twinkling stars were covered in a bed of clouds. i felt free looking into the void that makes up the sky. i miss that feeling.

once i came back inside, to my cave that is my bedroom, i felt caged again. i got some music on, and it's bringing the feeling back. god, how i have missed this feeling.

right now, i want to drive. i want to take the tops of the firebird and just drive, music playing softly in the background. once i get to the unknown destination, i want to park, keep the music on, and just exist.

but instead, i shall remain in my room. and that is okay. i rather not deal with the questions my mother would ask me. at least i am grasping some of the feeling while sitting stationary at the desk, typing away.

i feel better, today.

### For Consideration of Distribution

1. Name of Product: "In-Limbo"
2. E-mail & Snail Mail Addresses:

[freya@soliloquize.net](mailto:freya@soliloquize.net)

Lori Todd

9166 West Atlantic Blvd. #1618

Coral Springs, FL 33071

USA

3. Suggested Prices:

RETAIL: \$1.50 or \$1.00 & a stamp

WHOLESALE: 10/\$10.00

4. Other distros? Not as of this moment. I am sending it in for consideration to other distros right now.
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